

JULY 31, 1924

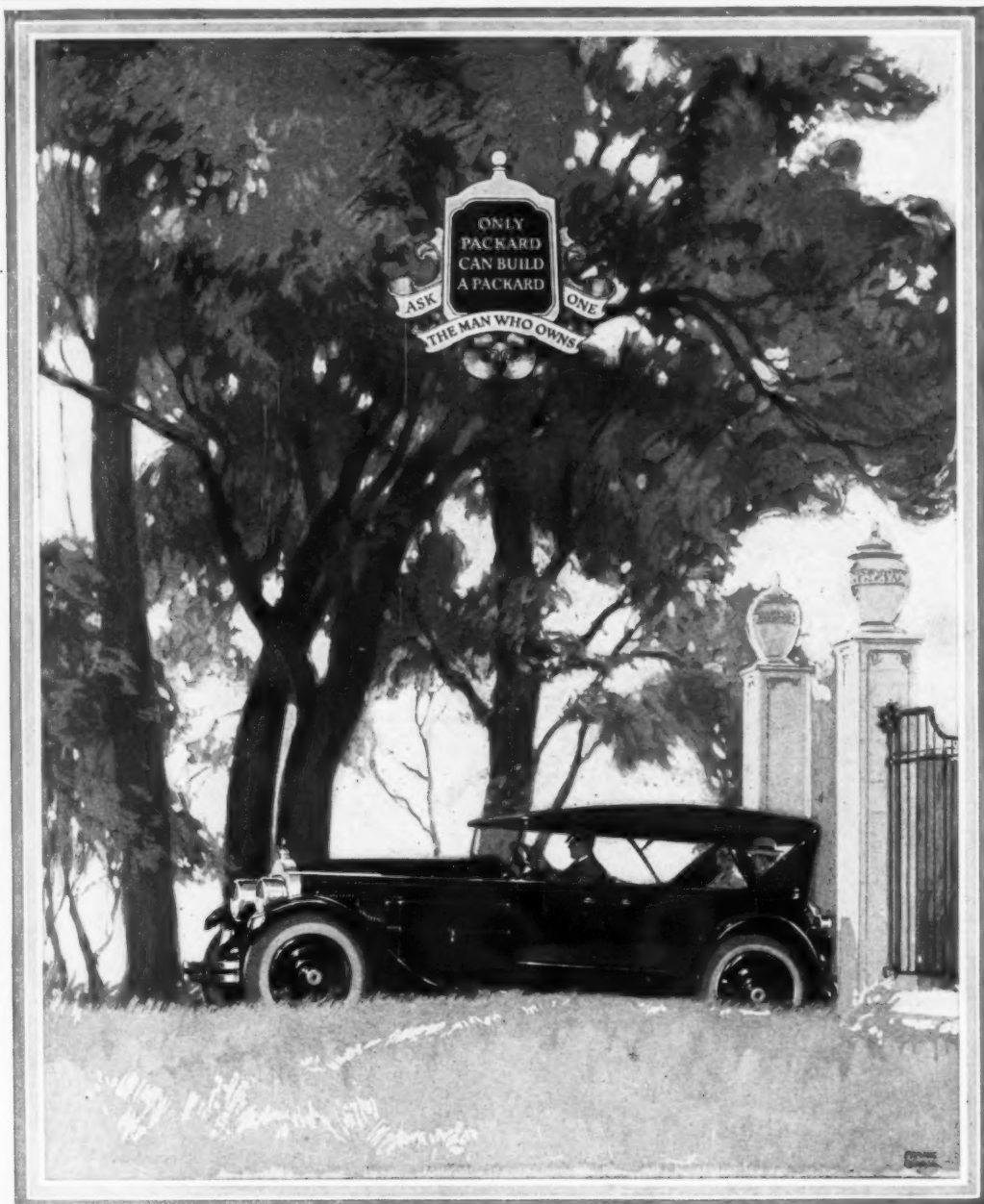
PRICE 15 CENTS

Life



A Two-Reel Romance

FISHERMEN'S NUMBER



S U P R E M E

The beauty of the Packard Eight is but an indication of the incomparable quality of its performance.

Here is luxurious riding in a sense and to a degree well worth your while to know.

In power and flexibility, the Packard Eight is more agile and eager and unhampered than seems possible for a mechanical thing to be.

Yet with all its power and flexibility and effortless speed, it handles so easily and smoothly as never to suggest strain or sense of effort. It responds to a touch—yet it unfailingly holds the road.

Beyond compare, and without a peer, the Packard Eight appeals irresistibly to those who want the finest motor car in the world.

Packard Eight and Packard Six both furnished in ten body types, open and enclosed. Packard's extremely liberal time-payment plan makes possible the immediate enjoyment of a Packard—purchasing out of income instead of capital.

P A C K A R D E I G H T

Life



"WHY DO FISH LIKE WOIMS?"
"MAYBE THEY DON'T. P'RAPS THEY THINK IT'S TOIKEY."

Twin Discoveries

IZAAK WALTON, the compleat angler, should not be confused with Sir Isaac Newton, the discoverer of the law of gravity. Perhaps this little story, which has never been told on them before, will keep them separate in the mind of the student.

Those two gentlemen were sitting on a river bank one day—Izaak fishing and Sir Isaac watching him. Suddenly an apple fell from an overhanging tree upon the head of the latter, evoking a sound which posterity is aware was far from hollow. After some language which virtually spoiled the fishing, Newton remarked to his companion:

"It has just struck me that it is very curious that apples do not fall upward. Why do you suppose that is so?"

"For the same reason," laughed Walton raucously, "that the fish bites the worm and the worm doesn't bite the fish."

Thus at one and the same time Newton demonstrated becoming gravity and Walton unseemly levity.

Fairfax Downey.

WIFE: Late, as usual.

HUSBAND: Yes, dear, but I've a new reason.



"HEY, MA! CAN I HAVE THIS FLY PAPER? I'M GOIN' TROUT FISHIN'."

Just Folks

Whom It's Unlucky to Take to a Baseball Game

THE girl who comes just to be sociable.

The small town folks who keep wondering whether Outfielder Duncan can be the same Willy Duncan that used to play third base on the home team back in 1910.

The girl who, during an important play, calls attention to the accurate throwing of the peanut vendors.

The man who once took a shower bath with Ty Cobb and never forgot it.

The girl who is sorry for all the small batters who have to face that big brute of a pitcher.

The untiring Mr. Babbitt who tries to count the crowd and estimate the profits.

The girl who is terribly afraid that the umpire will get hit.

The aggressive individual who is aching to see the umpire get hit.

W. L. Werner.

The Honest Golfer

NED: He plays a fair golf game, doesn't he?

TED: Yes, if you watch him.

The Incomplete Angler

JONES blew into the club last night—he's off on a fishing trip.

He argued with me for half an hour to pack my duds and skip.

"The trout are running in shoals," he said, "you can fairly hear them swish!

Come, beat it away for the woods with me where there's nothing to do but fish!"

The words brought back in a vivid flash the scenes of a year ago,

When I whipped a line for hours on end in the river's brawling flow.

I seemed to hear the insects' buzz adrone on the summer air, And the gurgling purl of the foaming stream as I lured the trout from his lair.

I felt the peace of the pensive trees that brooded above the pool,

And the gentle breathing of earth asleep and the plashing of waters cool—

I heard and saw and felt it all—and that is why, by jinks, Friend Jones is off to the woods alone, while I am bound for the links.

Baron Ireland.

LIFE'S Science Department

(By Radiogram, From LIFE's Anthropological Expedition Now in the Wilds of Gazookiland)

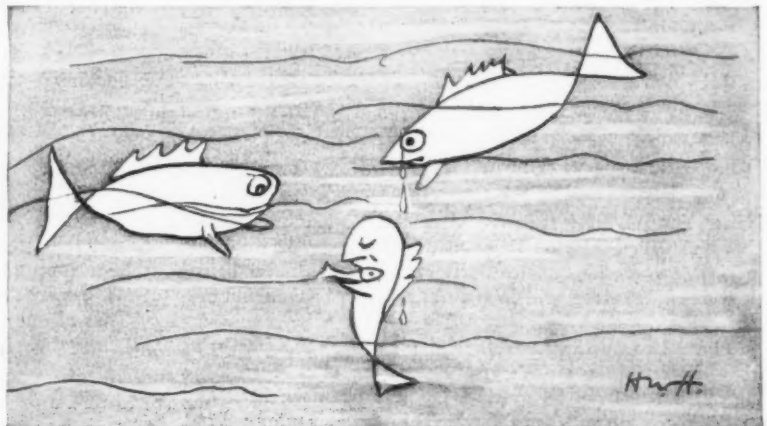
THE interior of Gazookiland is inhabited by three hitherto undiscovered races, all strange and remarkable, possessing characteristics found in no other peoples either ancient or modern.

In the valleys we found the Farenhites, worshipers of Mercury, a most extraordinary people who suffer from the heat, not the humidity.

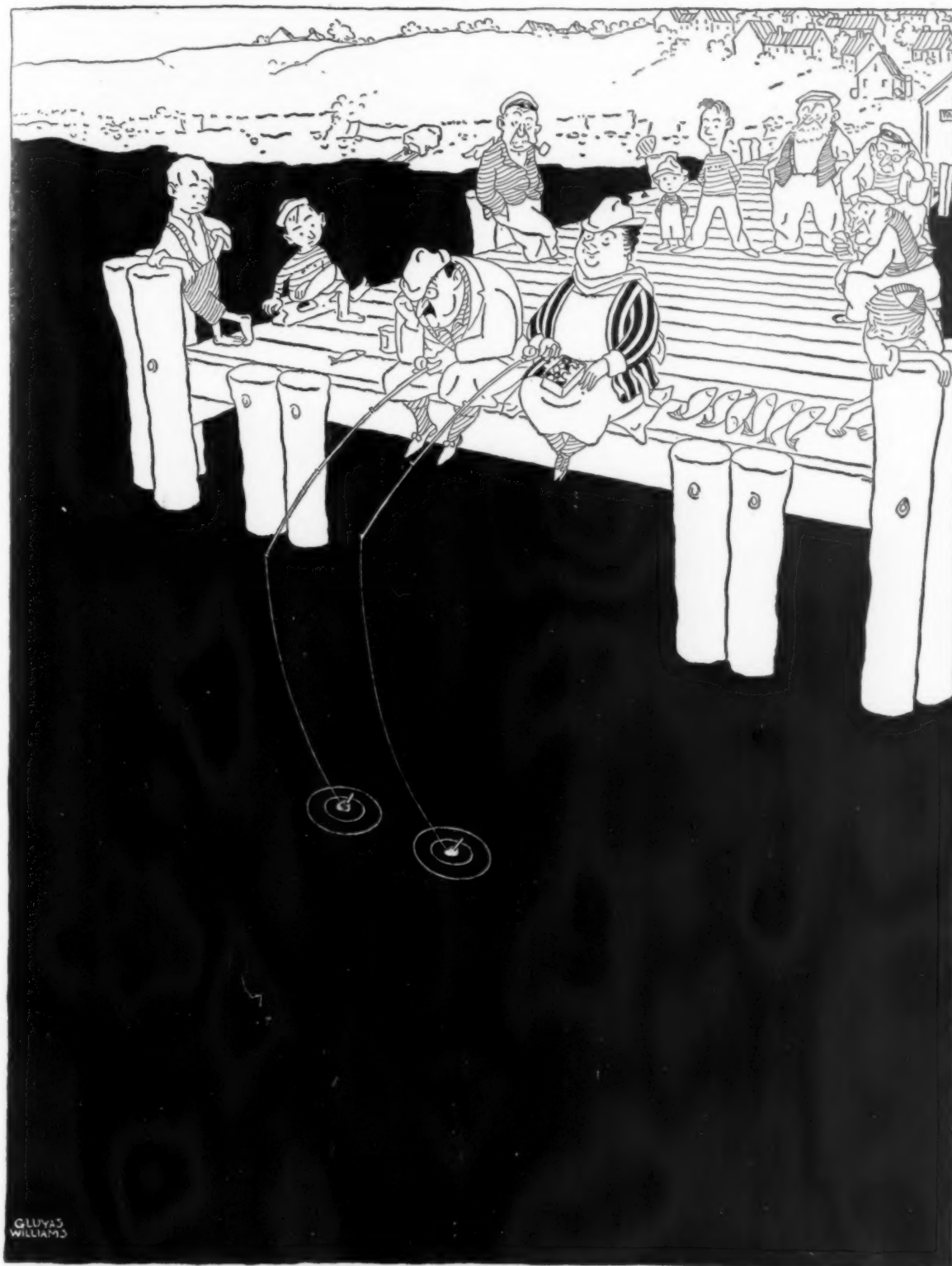
Farther up, in the plateau region, exist the No-nos, who when they fail to see the point of a joke candidly admit that they have no sense of humor.

And in the mountains we found the Dum-dums, who believe that their winters to-day are just as severe as those of twenty years ago and that last summer was just as hot as this one.

Bertram Bloch.



Mrs. Fish: OH, EUSTACE, BE KIND! BE KIND TO OUR HERRING DAUGHTER!



THE MAN WHO TOLD HIS WIFE TO COME ALONG AND HE'D SHOW HER HOW TO FISH

How Literature Has Changed

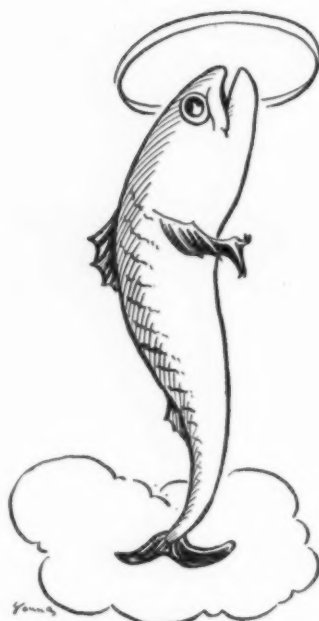
THE end of a tale told by Glump, the Neolithic Bard, 'way back B. W. O. H. ("Wells' Outline of History"): "And so Og-og married Ug-ug, and they lived happily ever after."

The end of a tale told by Hassan Ali, the Bedouin story-teller before the days when all the Arabs migrated to Hollywood: "And so Ramleh took Fatima in marriage, and they lived happily ever after."

From the well-known ode of Vichy, the bubbling troubadour: "And then, amid high rejoicing and welkin-ringing, did Sir Paddlegrif, hight Sir Grifflepad for short, wed the fair ladye Ysobel, hight five feet two inches; and the taylor tells that forever afterward they lived happily."

The end of the novel by S. Oft Slush, the famous Victorian romance writer: "The sacred words were said. They were man and wife. Happily, happily did they live forever after."

From "Garlic," by the realistic novelist, Arsenic L. Bite: "And so Pete, the stockbroker, undertook to pay the bridge debts of Annabel, the gay flapper. And they lived happily until they got



HOLY MACKEREL.

into the train on their honeymoon and she found that he had purposely left her Airedale at home."

These Americans

The Middle Westerner

HE can explain why Len Small was renominated for Governor of Illinois and can give the inside history of Warren T. McCray, of Indiana. He understands Jim Reed's position in Missouri and can unravel the personal relations of Albert Beveridge, Jim Watson, Harry New and Jim Goodrich.

He can go to all the good bass lakes in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan without a time-table or a road map. He knows how to get to the St. Louis baseball park in one day. He can follow the editorial policy of the Chicago Tribune.

He knows exactly what allowances to make in reading the population claims of the Chambers of Commerce of Evansville, Fort Wayne, Grand Rapids, Terre Haute and South Bend.

He knows the differences between the varieties of Ku Klux Klan. He carries all the radio broadcasting station symbols in his head. He understands Henry Ford. McC. H.

RASTUS: What's de law of averages?

MOSE: 'Bout thirty days in jail.



"ANY FISH IN IT?"

Life Lines

THE great political platforms are masterpieces of fiction. It now remains to discover which is the best seller.

¶

By a law recently passed in Washington, 125,000 Indians are admitted to citizenship in the Union. It should be understood, however, that these ex-aliens are still ineligible for membership in the Ku Klux Klan.

¶

We wonder whether James Whitcomb Riley knew what the Klan would do to his native Indiana when he composed the line, "The goblins 'll git you ef you don't watch out."

¶

It has been announced that the 10,000,000th Ford car is in service. The 8,945,671st and the 9,425,683rd are probably in service stations.

¶

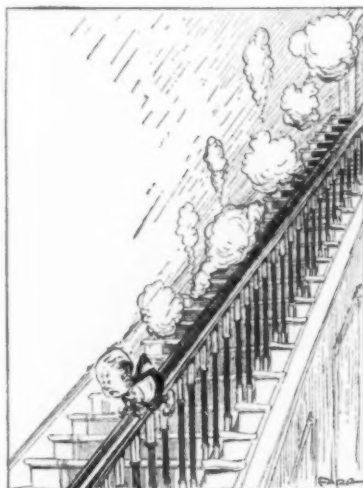
The Japanese Ambassador returned home recently. Having dealt with the United States Senate for some time, he is probably willing to take his chances with an earthquake.

¶

If La Follette succeeds in running the election into a deadlock, it will take more than a key-note speech to open the White House door.

¶

Two girls ran away from home, taking only lip-sticks with them. That's the modern maiden's idea of arming for battle.



"DARN IT! I FORGOT TO TAKE THEM MATCHES OUTA MY BACK POCKET."



"MOTHER! I THINK OUR NEW COOK HAS COME TO STAY."

"HOW DO YOU KNOW?"

"SHE ASKED ME WHAT MY NAME IS."

Sidestep This Way

ETIQUETTE experts tell us how to enter a drawing-room without tripping over the rug, and how to know an oyster fork from a pickle sticker, and what to do with a napkin besides dropping it on the floor, but there is one vital subject on which they offer us little help, and that is Excuses.

It is all very well to be primed to say with suave ease, "My error," on overturning the gravy into a dowager's lap. That shows mere poise and practice. The far more difficult thing is to overthrow the dinner invitation in the first place. It takes real finesse to be able to reply pleasantly: "Next Thursday evening? I'd love to, but it so happens that that is the evening I go to the prize fight at the Parish House."

What we need is a brand-new assortment of alibis suitable for all occasions. But where can they be had? I have inquired at the Public Library for a good Dictionary of Excuses, only to be told that there was none.

So I have been driven to making up my own list of Ready Rescuers. I have written them, for convenience's sake, on small pieces of cardboard, like the leaves of a telephone index, with rings at the top. I keep them pinned inside the flap of my coat, and, thanks to the alphabetical system, I can con-

sult them instantly and without undue ostentation.

Here, then, is my confidential kit of Handy Evaders. I offer them with the stipulation that they be not used in the social circle in which I move and get in Dutch. So, dear reader, if I give these away to you, please don't give me away.

Excuse for arriving forty minutes late—I was in a public telephone booth calling a number that didn't answer, and it took me nearly an hour to get my nickel back.

Excuse for sidestepping a week-end invitation—Our Airedale terrier is teething.

Excuse for breaking away early from a party—I suspect that my century plant is on the point of blooming and I'm anxious to see it.

Excuse for not attending a lawn fête—Our cook has adenoids.

Excuse for...

Pardon me, I'd like to give you the remainder of the list, but I must be running along now, because Cousin Ezra is going to be lynched for horse-stealing, and I sort of hate to miss it.

Lawton Mackall.

SHE: It's a wonderful moon.
HE: Prove it!

"Britons Never, Never" (Etc.)

("Prohibition Gaining in England."—Headline.)

I FOUND me in The Rose and Crown,
Weary from Devon's hills and dales,
And in the tap-room sat me down
With other tired and thirsty males;
Oh, when my last sweet memory fails,
That beer shall stir my senile grins!
When tavern-keepers crowd the gaols,
What shall be done with English Inns?

Dare men deprive each little town
Of Pig and Whistle, Sword and Scales?
Can vandals turn the legal frown
On Marlbro Arms, or Prince of Wales?
O pot-boy, rattling mugs and pails,
And bottles brought from dusty bins,
When you're a myth from fairy-tales,
What shall be done with English Inns?

Where shall be England's old renown
When taverns light no English vales?
No cozy roof for lord and clown
From summer suns and winter gales?
When you shall trade your foaming ales
For secret and synthetic gins
And bellywash that stinks and stales—
What shall be done of English Inns?

L'Envoi

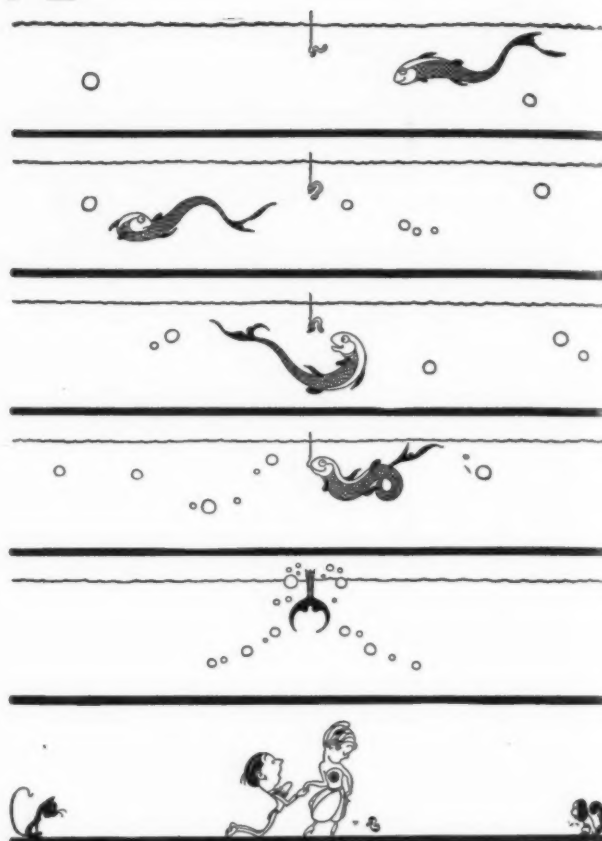
I'm sitting in The Three Black Snails,
An exile for my country's sins....
The tankards shine like golden Grails....
What shall be done of English Inns?

Ted Robinson.

PASSER-BY: Hey! You've got a bite!
FISHERMAN: I know it. I'm prolonging the thrill.



Ambitious Applicant: YES, SIR, THE WAGES IS ALL RIGHT—BUT
IS ALL THEM FELLERS ahead of me FER THE PRESIDENCY OF
THE FIRM?



THE ETERNAL ANGLE

The Biography of a Piece of Scandal

AUGUST 2—Told (in strict confidence) by Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Gufflitz.

August 3—Told (in strict confidence, with additional touches) by Mrs. Gufflitz to Mrs. Schmidtwister.

August 5—Told (in strict confidence, with additional touches, and variations) by Mrs. Schmidtwister to Mrs. Blung.

August 7—Told (in strict confidence, with additional touches, variations, and interposed features) by Mrs. Blung to Mrs. Listerpink.

August 9—Told (in the strictest confidence, with additional touches, variations, interposed features, and bits of family history) by Mrs. Listerpink to Mrs. Brown, who didn't recognize a single word of the original.

A Blanket Policy

LADY (to colored woman with grinning infant): Moses Ku Klux Brown! My, what an interesting name for a baby!

COLORED WOMAN: Yes'm. De Brown am a concession to de law, de Moses am a concession to de Bible, an' de Ku Klux am a concession to safety. So we jus' calls him li'l Concession, fo' shoht.

The Compleat Angler

Necessary Items for Every Successful Fisherman

1. **COMBINATION LURE.** Throw away all your lures, boys, and tie your leader onto the "Just Dandy." It's a sure killer, and includes the best features of every known lure on the market. Positively weedless, dustless and noiseless. Equally good for bass, perch, pickerel, pike, tarpon, barracuda, trout, finnan haddie, roach, bream, porgies, sculpins, bullheads, herring, alligator gars or tripe.

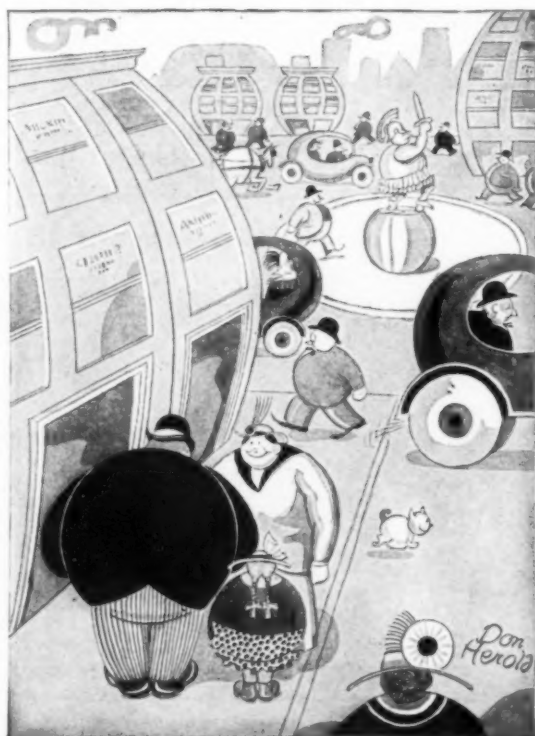
2. The "Foxo" extra tip. A long-felt want. Breaks in two instantly at the first cast, thereby assuring the safety of the rest of your outfit. If you must lend your best fly-rod to your week-end guest, see that the tip is a "Foxo."

3. Light-weight diver's suit. Absolutely indispensable when out fishing with the wife, or "little woman." "Hook snagged, dearie? One moment until I get into my 'Jules Vernes.'" No less practical if the boat upsets or a domestic argument arises. State chest measurement.

4. A spoonful of "Grobig" down your catch's maw, and you'll have something to brag about. Adds six to eight inches, or your bait back and no questions asked.

5. The "Bango" casting pistol embodies the salient features of a life-saving gun and an automatic tape-measure. Pull the trigger and out goes your line as far as three hundred feet. Slip on the reverse catch and every inch is reeled in again—sometimes with a fish at the end.

6. "High-grade" hand-hammered gadgets and widgets. Nobody knows what these are for, but no tackle box is complete without them. Our gadgets and widgets are extremely pop-



IF EVERYTHING HAD THAT BALLOON-TIRE LOOK



PARADISE ENOW

"CATCH ANY FISH ON YOUR LAST TRIP?"
"NO; BUT ONE BIG FELLOW ROSE UP AND GAVE ME AN
AWFUL DIRTY LOOK."

ular because of their total incomprehensibility. Some have a swivel at each end, but what of that?

7. The "St. Lawrence" pointing otter. These animals are all trained under personal supervision. Ease the otter gently into the stream and he will swim about until he sights a trout. He then freezes with his right hind foot high in the air. You cast...and the trout is yours.

8. 'Member the great strings you useter catch when you were a kiddie? 'Member the crooked pole you cut, and the cotton string, the rusty nail and the bent pin? The imitation small boy's outfit carefully reproduces all these details in the finest materials. You can't possibly fail to catch the limit. Fish have a great respect for tradition.

9. The "Shalimar" eel charmer. Modeled exactly after the Indian snake charmer's clarinet, the "Shalimar" has a more liquid note, such as would charm a more discriminating eel. Even the big ones will leave the mud when the "Shalimar" hits the top notes. Easy to play. Easy to pay.

10. If you are going to be around the coast, don't be without the junior pneumatic drill. Opens oysters, clams, lobsters, etc., with the minimum effort. Will drill a hole in your boat, letting out the water and eliminating bailing. May be used in the winter on safes and gin bottles.

Henry William Hanemann.

He Started

HE: How did your father get his start?

SHE: I'm not sure, but I think Mother found him in neutral and cranked him up.



Cook (whispering): I GUESS THAT'LL HOLD 'IM!

Commendable Imitation

AS a rule LIFE prefers originality to imitation. Praise, however, must go to those who, following LIFE's lead, have imitated its long-established work of supplying fresh air vacations for poor city children during the heated term. In the New York City field, where LIFE was originally almost alone in providing this blessed relief for the suffering little ones, there are now more than one hundred organizations engaged wholly or partly in fresh air work.

LIFE's readers have been wonderfully generous in supplying the means to maintain the farm at Branchville, Connecticut, which has hitherto been the scene of our fresh air operations. Encouraged by this unfailing source of help, we have dared to double our responsibilities and double the capacity for good by taking on another Fresh Air Farm in the hills of New Jersey, where there is now a child population equal to that at Branchville. The total number of child guests at both places is now almost four hundred. Our hospitality has to be of the short duration of a fortnight for each small visitor, so as to do some good to the greatest possible number.

LIFE's readers are intelligent as well as generous. They will observe that we are not begging, but they will also observe that when we are doubling the

benefits conferred we are also doubling the expenditure. We feel a certain confidence that the combined generosity and perceptiveness of LIFE's readers will make receipts and expenditures on fresh air account balance at the end of the season of hot nights in the tenelements.

As a minor suggestion, it may interest some reader to know that if he or

she has a phonograph or radio set not in use there are a lot of children at both farms who would enjoy listening in.

LIFE's Fresh Air Fund gratefully acknowledges the following contributions:

Previously acknowledged.....	\$9,313.64
Richard M. Robinson, Longmeadow, Mass.....	5.00
E. E. Swift, Easton, Pa.....	10.00
S. W. Childs, New York.....	50.00
Walter Trimble, New York.....	15.00
A. C. Blackhim, Los Angeles.....	5.00
F. W. McMillan, New York.....	50.00
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(Continued on page 31)



HAPPY HOURS AT ONE OF OUR FRESH AIR FARMS

A Sorry Tale

HE was a knight in armor,
She was a beggar chit;
He loved her to distraction—
She didn't care a bit.

He passed her little hovel,
She didn't raise her head,
Though he shone in shining armor
And she had to beg her bread.

Now maids who live in hovels
Seldom refuse their charms
To glorious knights in armor—
They usually leap to their arms.

Then why was *she* so distant,
If such maids seldom are?
Well—he was a movie extra,
And *she* was a movie star.

B. B.

The Dying Golfer

THE old golfer lay on his death-bed, surrounded by his family. Raising himself on his elbows, he muttered: "Before I go, I should like to feel my clubs once more—all of them." He looked appealingly at his eldest son.

"Charley," he whispered, "where is my driver?"

Charley turned pale.

"I'm sorry, Dad," he replied, "but I left it in my locker at Cambridge."

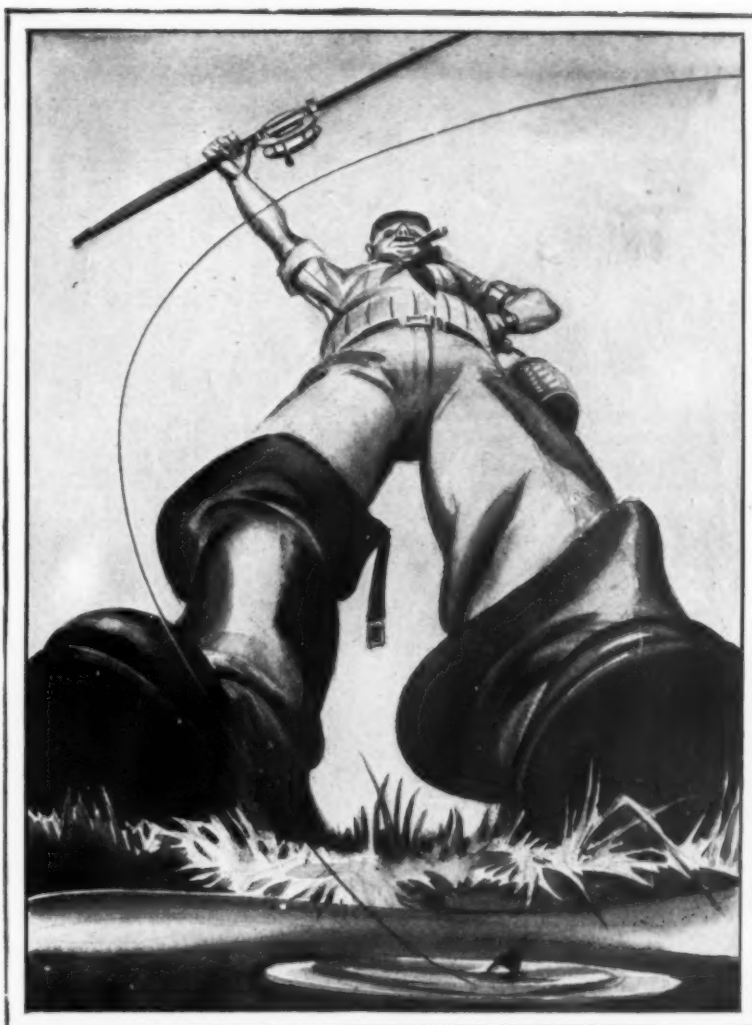
"Bill," muttered the old man to his second son, "where is my midiron?"

Bill clutched the bedclothes.

"I lent it to a Princeton man," he answered slowly.



"NOT SO LOUD! WE'LL BE OVERHEARD."
"WHO'S GOING TO HEAR US IN THIS
VEGETABLE PATCH?"
"HAVE YOU NEVER HEARD OF CAULI-
FLOWER EARS?"



A TROUT'S-EYE VIEW OF THE MAN HE'S GOT TO LICK

"And the rest of them?—Mother, you had my brassie last—I remember you said it was the only club you could be sure of making a three on the tenth hole with. Daisy, my dear daughter, what have you done with my mashie?"

"At the St. Andrews clubhouse, Father."

There was a long pause. Then the old golfer, bracing himself for a final effort, a benevolent expression coming over his features, rose up once more. He said:

"Forgive me, all of you. I realize it was selfish of me to want those clubs back, even for a moment. Promise me this!"

They all gathered about him, evidently much relieved.

"Promise me," he whispered, "that this little break of mine won't affect your game after I have gone. I want you to play just as well as before, if not better. Promise, and forgive!"

* * *

"That was a great thing Father did, Bill," said Charley an hour later.

"Righto!" said Bill. "I give you my word, I didn't think he had it in him!"

T. L. M.

Flaming Youth

VAN JAY: When you kissed her did you find her responsive?

VAN PUFF: Well, I should say I did! Why, she burnt the back of my neck with her cigarette.



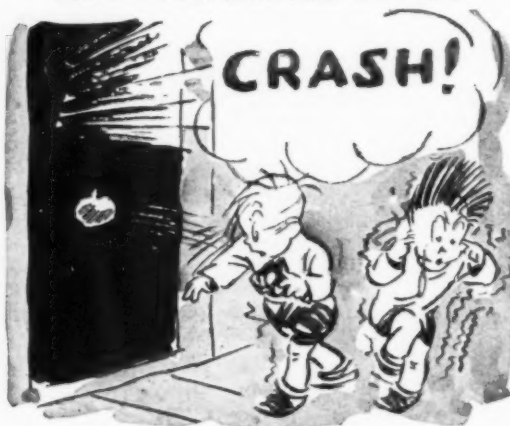
Friend: IT'S THE AWFULEST STORM I EVER SEE 'N' ALL BECAUSE YA SWIPE THE BIGGEST APPLE IN THE STORE. I'M AFRAID I HAVE YOU NEAR ME WITH A STOLEN APPLE.
Skippy: I'M GLAD NOW I DIDN'T TAKE A WATERMELON.



Friend: LISTEN TO THAT TERRIBLE THUNDER! REMEMBER I SAID, "DON'T STEAL!" 'N' YOU DID. NOW I'M AFRAID THE PLACE IS GOIN' TO GET STRUCK 'N' ME WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A SUNDAY SCHOOL TICKET IN ME HAND.



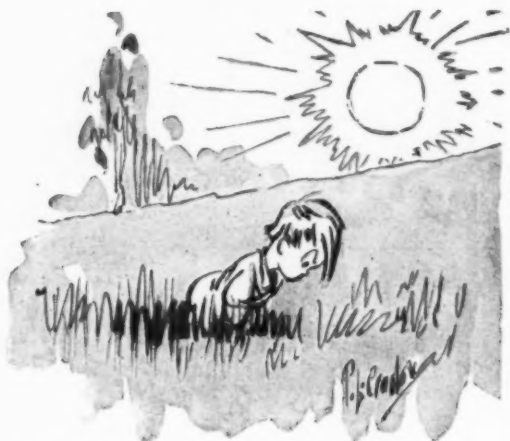
Friend: DON'T HOLD IT NEAR ME! I DIDN'T STEAL IT! YOU DID! I'M SCARED TO BE IN THE SAME HOUSE WITH IT! STOLEN APPLE.
Skippy: IT'D BE JUST MY LUCK TO GET STRUCK DEAD, THEN FIND THERE WAS A WORM IN THE DARN THING!



Skippy: I'M GOIN' TO CHUCK IT AWAY! THIS STORM'S GETTIN' TOO AWFUL TO TAKE ANY MORE CHANCES.



Skippy: IT'S LETTIN' UP NOW SO I THINK I'LL RUN HOME.



Friend: IMAGINE HIM STOOPIN' SO LOW AS TO TAKE THAT APPLE AGAIN! PRETTY SMALL PERTATOES, I CALLS IT!

Skippy

Week-End Musings

IT would be much simpler if people mixed furniture polish in the cocktails they serve.... Better for the tables in the living-room and not appreciably different in taste.... Nor in effect, probably.... Old pun: Nowadays one's charity is expected to cover a multitude of gins.... It would be interesting to know what proportion of our annual orange crop is used to disguise the failures of synthetic chemistry in the home.... The coats of arms of California and Florida should include a cocktail shaker and a bowl of cracked ice among their bearings....

All Long Island roads lead to week-end parties.... What week-end parties may lead to only a prophet could tell.... And he might need Old Testament language....

Observation on comparative values: If a man loses a book from his library, granted that he has a library, it is seldom replaced.... If he breaks a wine glass he orders a dozen more....

An elderly woman who dances is as disappointing to the male as a young one who doesn't.... Ponce de León had



A TURTLE DOVE

the wrong notion, as the female has discovered.... Youth is not to be found in a fountain, but in a hairdresser's....

Artistic lighting is distinctly a feminine achievement.... Men simply want something to dispel shadows; women, something to arrange shadows where they are most effective.... A woman seems willing to forgive a man anything except his not taking a flirtation more seriously than she wishes him to....

People will insist upon resting energetically.... Probably that is why week-ends seem longer than the time between.

James K. McGuinness.

"WHAT is your chest expansion?"
"I have none. I live in an apartment house."

The Checking System

THE world fabric is wisely based upon a system of checks.

Lest we have too many rats, we have cats.

Lest we have too many fools, we have bucket-shops.

Lest we have too much humor, we have columnists.

Lest we have too much genius, we have asylums.

Lest we have too much breadth of vision, we have censorship.

Lest we have too much Christianity, we have One Hundred Per Centers.

Lest we have too much happiness, we have woman.

Lest we have too much unhappiness, we have woman.

And lest we have too much pride, we have history.

G. R.

The Difference

WHAT Makes the Brow High—
Reading up and down the humorous columns of the daily papers.

What Makes the Brow Low—Reading to and fro along the comic strips of the same.



Alice Heavey

"DO YOU LIKE KIPLING?"
"WHY—I DON'T KNOW. HOW DO YOU KIPPLE?"

Mrs. Pep's Diary

July
31st

No sleep did I have on the night before this day through suffering from an acute malady of the stomach so severe that on several occasions I did fear that my time had come, lamenting even in my agony that death should have overtaken me before I had a chance to wear my new black Milan hat, but I managed to live until the dawn, when Sam set out for our surgeon and a trained nurse, and they brought back Mrs. Seely to me, and the first question I asked her was if she could read the future from cards, and I was cast down when she said she could not. But she is adept at cooling the brow and rubbing alcohol into the skin, matters which her training school

doubtless deemed more pertinent to her profession than soothsaying. Inasmuch as at 4 A. M. I believed I had no future at all, I had a great desire of a glimpse into the one, however brief, that had been vouchsafed me. So Sam telephoned Eugenia Seabury, who came at once with her famous pack, and I marked that there are two sorts of cards in it now, and she responded that she had long since worn out the short journeys and the Prince Charmings.

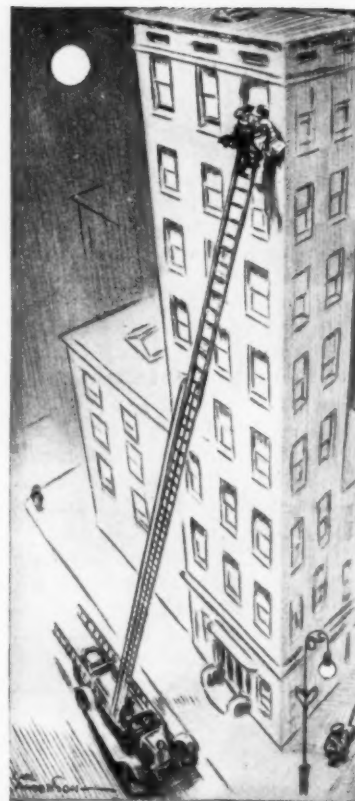
August
1st

Talking early with Samuel, to keep my mind off my wretched insides, and he complained of an aching tooth which he must have relieved at once, adding



"DO YOU FISH, DOCTOR?"

"I DID WHEN I WAS A BOY, BUT TO-DAY AS AN ANGLER I'M AFRAID I'VE LOST CASTE."



THE LASS WHO LOVED A FIRE LADDIE
ELOPES

that his hatred of the dentist is such that he wished he were like the poor who are always saving up money for the future repair of their teeth and never achieving it. We talked of this and that, including how the Richardsons' groom had taught one of their dogs to hunt by leading him off on a long rope, jumping up in a tree and letting go the leash. When I marked my surprise that Cora Richardson is older than I am, Sam replied, Nobody is younger than you are—not even little Jimmie Edgecomb. But I thank God that I have not a husband like hers, who is so jealous of her that he goes about sulking if he learns that she has eaten the first soft-shell crabs of the season with somebody else.

Baird Leonard.

In Good Form

BOBBIE BASS (as Willie Flounder wins swimming race): Congratulations, Willie! You did it in nine seconds, flat.



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYES
YE ENDE OF YE WORLDE.



JULY 31, 1924

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE odds just now are reported to be three to one on Coolidge, which, on the whole, seems curious. It does not take a Seventh Son to predict that they will shrink. The leading correspondent of the *Evening Post*, considering the possible effect of Mr. Davis' speeches in the campaign, says Mr. Davis is a graceful speaker but not one of any great power; a good lawyer before the Supreme Court, but with no great reputation as a jury lawyer,—that is, as a speaker to the people. True he is no son of thunder, but he can say what he thinks, say it clearly and with precision, so that it gets across to other minds and they understand what they have heard. Those are the qualities of a speaker that promise to be most useful in the coming campaign.

Moreover, as compared with Mr. Coolidge, he has one very great advantage—he can put out his best thoughts, for there is nothing to hinder him. He does not have to consider the limitations put on the policies of his party by any Battalion of Death. He has not been riveted to international chaos by the senior Senator from Massachusetts. He is a free man. There is nothing in the Democratic platform that need hobble him in efforts to serve not only the United States but the world.

There are still three months and more before election and in those months the world is not going to stand still. That is one reason why the present odds on Coolidge seem long. John Balderston, correspondent of the *World*, writing from London to that paper under date of June 27, said the supremely important news about the European situation as he saw it then was something intangible, impossible to define, something whose exist-

ence could not be proved, but would, indeed, be denied by all the reactionaries on the Continent and in England. That something he defined as a new spirit, a spiritual "rebirth," that seemed to affect men in England, France and Germany alike. Values, he said, were shifting, men's ideas in all those nations about the aims which they and their nations are out to attain were in movement, and the Wilson ideals of 1918 were gaining enormously among politicians and individuals who formerly set their faces against them.

He went on to consider the efforts of MacDonald and Herriot to induce agreement between France and England to get the Dawes report working. He thought that the decision of these two premiers to appear together at the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva in September was the most momentous single act of policy since the armistice. For as Balderston saw it, the two great conflicting movements in Europe now are towards the League of Nations and the Third International. Out of the confusion and welter of Europe, he said, "two great opposed forces are drawing to themselves the bulk of existing strength preparatory to the distant but inevitable decisive collision between them, and those two forces are Moscow and the League."



THAT is interesting and has to do with the opinion that the odds on Coolidge have been long, for in every considerable matter that goes on just now in this world, including our choice of a President, Russia is a factor, and so indeed is a good part of Eastern Europe. Russia is by no means cleaned up. Neither is Germany cleaned up, but for Germany efforts are being made that are promising, and which we can

help along if we have the will, and which Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hughes probably will help along all they can. Neither of them is a political reactionary. Both of them are disposed to do what they can for Europe, but both of them have the same ball and chain hitched to their legs. They are committed to a party decision that we shall never join the League.

But there is no ball and chain attached to Mr. Davis. He can see what he sees and speak his mind about it. He is a good hand on foreign affairs with three years of special training in them, and his mind is a cold mind. His heart is not cold but his mind is—the sort of mind the United States can use to great advantage in international situations that now exist.



MR. BALDERSTON spoke of the new spirit of Europe. There is also a new spirit in the United States, growing strong and fast, spreading among the plain people, much penetrated by religion. We are full of religious rows just now, Klan and anti-Klan, Fundamentalists and Modernists, and so on. What does that mean? Does it mean that religion is dead? It means very much the opposite. If all this religious activity can be diverted from squabbles and directed towards the improvement of life and the re-establishment of peace in the world there will be a movement that will be worth watching.

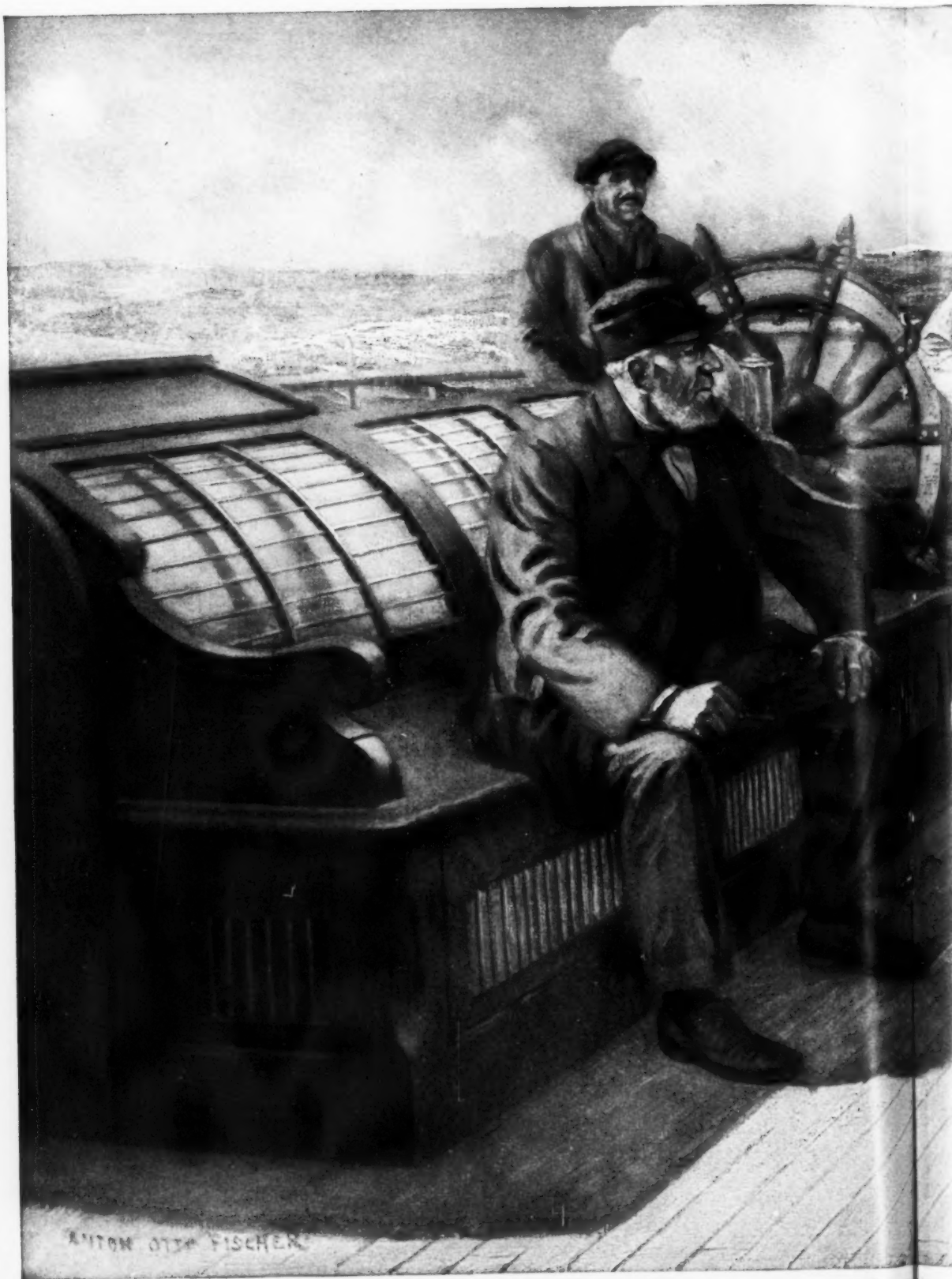
We have domestic problems, of course; labor and capital, farmers' troubles, railroads, tariff, dry law enforcement, lots of such matters, but in upon all of them the great international problems are not only liable but likely to intrude and at short notice.

As for the tariff, Mr. Davis and the Democrats are for reducing it. That is a clean party issue, but our course in international matters is not a thing on which Democrats and Republicans should split on party lines, since anything important done by our Government for Europe must have bi-partisan support. But it counts that there exists a violent division among Republicans on foreign policies, whereas no such division exists in anything like the same degree among Democrats. The mass of the Democrats are still followers of Woodrow Wilson and will see his successor in their present candidate.

E. S. Martin.



BUT WHO LAUGHS LAST—



LIFE ·



he Sowaway



Mr. Ziegfeld—Meet Mr. White!

IT was bound to happen sooner or later that Mr. George White, by the simple process of improving his "Scandals" each year, would overtake and pass the comparatively static "Ziegfeld Follies." This is Mr. White's year. He has turned out a show which is better than the "Follies" in almost every department. Its only point of inferiority is that it isn't named the "Ziegfeld Follies."

There was a time when Mr. White felt that he had to hand out a little lesson in civics along with his fun-making, and consequently was accustomed to introduce strange pageants and satiric thrusts aimed at such *res publicæ* as the Panama Canal Tolls Repeal or the Sundry Appropriations Bill. This year he has let the country go to the dogs and has devoted himself almost entirely to entertainment, at which he succeeds remarkably well.



TRUE, there is one number which takes upon itself the task of holding censorship up to ridicule and which succeeds, as most attempts of this sort do, in making censorship seem almost a virtue. The best way in dealing with things like censorship is to let them hold themselves up to ridicule, which they will do ably in about three days if left alone. Somehow our revue authors lack something of the subtlety necessary to the delicate task of gilding the lily.



BUT, on the whole, the "Scandals" are a great credit to Mr. White. He has taken a tip from John Murray Anderson in the matter of black and white as an effective combination for settings, and has also observed the simple Charlot folk in their comedy sketches and noted that one good idea as a basis for a comedy sketch is worth more than one bad idea.

An especially smart trick is the elimination of the opening chorus entirely, and the substitution of a little song, with an excellent lyric, sung by two young ladies named Williams (sisters, according to a lobby-rumor). The burden of the song is that you (the audience) have come in so late that you have missed the opening chorus, and then they proceed to tell you some of the delectable features which your tardiness has cost you. The only trouble is that most of the audience will really believe that they have missed the opening, as most of the audience will have come in late.

We are now willing to admit that Lester Allen is funny, this marking the end of a six-year struggle on our part. One reason may be that this year he has been given some funny material. A performer is practically helpless with bad material, and Mr. Allen has served more than his fair amount of time at hard labor with heavy jokes. We have never had any struggle to enjoy the work of Tom Patricola, and it is easier in this show than ever before.



THERE is also a super-burlesque of a mammy song, done with great feeling by Mr. Will Mahoney in partial black-face. This number, with its devastating kidding of the "go in' back" school of melodic hoke, brings back the original function of the American revue as founded by the Great Master Cohan in his two revues of dear memory (*reverent bowing and genuflection*). If there were any justice in the world at all, our revues would devote themselves almost entirely to kidding the truck of the previous legitimate season, instead of laying themselves open to kidding by taking themselves so seriously. Perhaps, after Mr. Cohan stops being cross, he will come back and do a Cohan revue burlesquing the Follies, the Music Box, the Scandals and the rest.



AN interesting psychological point (if any psychological point may be called interesting) is brought out in the technique of singing the burlesque mammy song. Mr. Mahoney, by copying Mr. Jolson's hysterical frenzy, with the gradual crescendo of emotional fervor and volume of orchestral accompaniment toward the culmination of the appeal to be taken back to the dear old Mammy, impels exactly as much applause with his burlesque as Mr. Jolson does with his earnest effort. There is something about that crescendo which brings an audience to its feet even though it knows that the thing is being spoofed. Proving that it makes no difference at all what you say or sing, so long as you gradually increase the volume of sound and emotion toward the end. This is a trick known to all successful public speakers, especially to Mayor James Curley of Boston, who could make a hallful of hundred-per-cent. white Nordic Protestants applaud wildly at a papist speech, simply by building up to his climax in the manner of Mr. Jolson singing a mammy song. There is nothing else for you to do but applaud when the thing is finished in that manner.

We might try **ENDING A PAGE LIKE THAT!**

Robert C. Benchley.

Domestic Felicity

SCENE: Any home.

CHARACTERS: Any husband and any wife. They have just gone to bed; the husband has closed his eyes and is on the borderland between waking and sleeping.

WIFE: Don't tell me you're asleep already.

HUSBAND (apologetically): I'm awfully tired. Had a hard day at the office. (He closes his eyes again.)

WIFE: I wish I could go to sleep that quickly just once.

HUSBAND (with so much pathos in his tone that it almost makes him cry in pity for himself): Can't remember when I've had such a hard day.... Completely played out.

WIFE (absolutely untouched): Pooh, you always say that when I want to talk to you at night.

HUSBAND (hurt that his pathos hasn't gone over): It's the truth. I'm so tired I'm almost sick.

WIFE: Well, go to sleep, then. Don't care if I stay awake all night.

HUSBAND: But why don't you go to sleep too? It's after twelve.

WIFE: It isn't because I don't want to. I would if I were a phlegmatic type like you. But I'm so high-strung.

HUSBAND: Nothing's happened to get you upset, has there? (He is becoming concerned despite his intelligence.)

WIFE (with a cynical laugh): Oh, no—nothing at all.

HUSBAND (sitting up in alarm): What is it? Tell me, dear.

WIFE: No, you go right ahead and go to sleep. I guess I can stand it.

HUSBAND (his heart beating anxiously): You must tell me. Tell your hubby, dearie. You mustn't keep anything from me.

WIFE: Well, if you insist. But remember you made me tell you. (She takes a deep breath.) I heard to-day that the Parkers are going to separate.

HUSBAND: The who? Oh, the Parkers. But, good Lord, you haven't had anything to do with them in six years!

WIFE: I know. But the last time I saw them they seemed such a happy couple, and now a bare six years later—If a thing like that could happen to them, it could happen to any one. It frightens you—a thing like that.

HUSBAND (angrily): Frightens you, not me! Oh, hell! (He lies down again, turning his back.)

WIFE (outraged): Archie! To say "hell" to me! (She sobs.)

(Husband vows to himself he won't turn around. Let her cry her head off. The sobbing dies down; all is still. He becomes alarmed. What has happened? What is she doing? Worse, what is she thinking? He turns around. ...She is asleep....He gives a yelp of anger, almost wakes her, loses his nerve and lies awake fuming until after four in the morning, to punish her by getting indigestion from lack of sleep and so having to renew his pills.)

Bertram Bloch.

The Cheerful Giver

"MOTHER, have you got a nickel for a poor old man?"

"Where's the poor man, my son?"

"Down at the corner selling ice-cream cones."

SAYS the Cynic: It is better to have loved and lost than never to have lost at all.



AN OLD THEORY EXPLODED

GUESS WHO WILL GET MOST OF THE FISH

YOU'RE WRONG



"WHAT ARE YOU FISHING FOR, BOY?"

"I'M FISHIN' FER BASS, BUT THESE DARN FOOL BULLHEADS DON'T SEEM TO KNOW IT."

The Success

"SUCCESS," remarked my friend Blake, "is a queer affair."

"It is," I agreed; and waited. Blake, as an artist, is always keen on digging into things for morals and first causes and that sort of thing. Usually he is instructive and always interesting.

"Do you, by any chance," continued Blake, "recall my portrait of J. W. Quirk? The philanthropist and Big Business king, you know. The Success of Successes. So much so, in fact, that the only sitting he would allow me was the day he dropped in to give me the commission."

"But that's absurd," I said. "How could you possibly do anything in one sitting?"

"Well, to tell the truth, the final solution was hardly my own. It tumbled in upon me one night, with intent to steal. A simple, unadulterated burglar, my dear chap, but facially such a dead ringer for old J. W. Quirk himself that I clapped a gun on him and kept him posing till the portrait was done."

"And it was a success?" I said. "Queer is right, Blake!"

"Yes," grinned Blake, "the critics went wild over it. But the really queer part is that not only did they hail it as a surprisingly good likeness, they went

even farther. They insisted that I had magically divined, and set down for all to read, the very innermost soul of dear old J. W. Quirk himself." G. R.

SUMMER GUEST: How has business been this summer?

HOTEL-KEEPER: Not so good. There have been nights when we've had only one person to a cot.



Motorist: THANK HEAVEN, YOU'RE NOT HURT!

"BUNK! WHAT DO YOU CARE 'BOUT ME? IF YOU'D BEEN THINKIN' OF MY COMFORT YOU'D 'A' HIT ME HARDER AND KNOCKED ME IN THE SHADE."

The Suburbanite Sings of Neighborly Love

I'M feeling as gay as the wind,
My laughter rolls over the plain,
My neighbor's just watered his whole
garden o'er,
And now it's beginning to rain!

B. B.

The Simple Farmer

FARMER BROWN was talking to his hired man:

"Have you got all the canned goods hidden away?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you put the moss on the well-bucket?"

"Yes, sir."

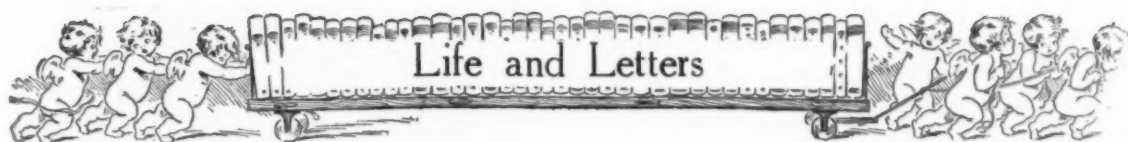
"Have you removed the *Country Gentleman*, *Pictorial Review*, *LIFE* and the *Radio Magazine* from the sitting-room table and replaced them with the *Almanac*, the family Bible and the copy of *Horatio Alger*?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you taken that gross of cartridges from Sears, Roebuck, made 'em look like old Continental bullets and scattered them through the cornfield and the potato patch?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then tell Freddy to take those trout we got from New York to-day out of the ice-box and hang them on a string to the porch, and when you've done that you can hitch up and meet the first of the summer boarders coming in on the four-fourteen."



ALTHOUGH fully aware of the emphasis of understatement, I find it difficult to speak of Michael Arlen's writing without flying into superlatives. The trouble there is that when the literary gods arrive, the half-gods take many of the reviewer's best superlatives with them upon their departure. So let me state merely, and as calmly as possible, that I recommend the books of Michael Arlen to everybody, especially to novelists. The majority of the latter, if they grant him his just deserts, will fold up their typewriters like the Arabs and silently steal into politics or the flour and feed business.

My ravings in these columns over "Piracy" and "These Charming People" would be inadequate expressions of my feeling about "The Green Hat" (Collins, London). It is difficult, in fact, for me to keep from stopping strangers in the street and bidding them hasten to the nearest bookshop for a copy. Here we have another of Arlen's wicked but lovely ladies, so subtly invested with charm that the reader excuses her unconventionalities as easily as the narrator. A strange combination of nymphomania and sportsmanship is *Iris Storm*, and her story, told as only Michael Arlen could tell it, is sprinkled with charming people, beautiful phrasing, witty, cynical observation, and all the delightful trappings of this world.

IT may be because I took up "The Interpreter's House," by Struthers Burt (Scribner), immediately after finishing "The Green Hat," which would be unfortunate for any book, that I cannot get up the enthusiasm over it evidenced by its reviews in other publications. I found it extremely difficult to get into, but then I am getting a little fed up on novels showing up New York

society. One of them is so very like another. The plot always swings around a "typical" family, and it usually begins at a dinner to which the married daughter brings her boring or sporting husband and at which the son who has returned from foreign parts hears a good deal about the changes which have come to New York since he left it and how the younger generation is carrying on. The odds are 100 to 1 that in ten pages some of them will be setting out for one of the supper clubs, which will be described in detail down to the headwaiter's first name. There will be a man in the party, usually the prodigal, who is a little out of it all, and he will sit back sipping whatever somebody has, to his astonishment, poured out of a flask, and speculating upon the follies which are being un-

folded before him. Then, great, simple soul that he is, he goes on to become involved with a married woman or some young girl—usually both, in succession. It doesn't seem to me that "The Interpreter's House" is nearly so diverting as several other novels on the same theme, yet it is well up, according to the booksellers, on the list of steamship literature.

IT is a little embarrassing, when mystery stories are proclaimed the favorite reading matter of our greatest statesmen and mightiest captains of industry, to admit in public that my own mind's activities are not of such magnitude throughout the day that it can be diverted only by the lightest, most swiftly moving stories in its hours of ease. Such, however, is the case, although I never pick up one of J. S. Fletcher's yarns without reading it to the finish. His latest is "The Time-Worn Town" (Knopf), not up to some of his others, yet full enough of maintained suspense to keep a nervous woman wondering whether the shadow she sees through the living-room door is that of the wing chair or a sinister and murderous marauder awaiting the psychological moment to leap in.

"NOBODY KNOWS," by Douglas Goldring (Small, Maynard), is peopled with a lot of extremely modern fifth-rate English people, the meaning of whose contributions to the dialogue is described aptly by the title. The story deals with the "love-life" of one *Gilbert Vayle*, a writer, and is extremely dull except for one passage where the hero harangues a prostitute on life in general and the present status of civilization amidst her punctuations of, "Go on, dear; you do talk lovely."

Diana Warwick.



NEIGHBOR BINKS SAVES HIMSELF A LOT OF TIME BY PARKING ALL HIS COLLAR BUTTONS UNDER HIS DRESSER IN THE FIRST PLACE.



"WHA'S THE PAUGHTY TYKE, SANDY?"



"I DINNA KEN THAT GIRNIN' PHIZ."



"HE HAS A SAIRIE LUG AN' DOES GIE HIMSEL' MAIST AMAZIN' AIRS."



"A CONCEITED GOWK, JOCK."



"AYE, AN' THE HAVINS O' A SWINE."



"SAY! WHERE DO YOU BIRDS GET THAT DIPPY STUFF? IF YOU'RE TRYIN' TO INSULT ME, SPILL IT IN PURE ENGLISH AN' MEBBE I CAN COP YOUR DRIFT."

ADVENTURES OF PEP THE POOCH

That Tired Business Man

PEOPLE used to go to Europe for "travel and study." This they explained in their passport applications. But not so any more. Europe is now simply squirming with Americans who have come "to study business conditions," "to investigate trade relations," and to report on the "opening-up of new trade channels." It just wrings one's heart to see how it is done.

* * *

WHEN you are going to the Riviera you've got to wire two weeks ahead or you're going to sleep with the hall porter. There are beds in the halls and there are beds in the American bar—all due to the decrease in the exchange value of the franc and to the sudden great desire that has swept over the American business man to gain first-hand knowledge of labor conditions in Europe. And, oh, yes—ahem—there is one more thing. If you put it down on your passport that you have come over here to investigate trade conditions you can charge it off against your income tax.

* * *

A GENTLEMAN from Cincinnati decides to investigate the pants-button industry in France. He brings along his wife and his two daughters, who are aching to try out their boarding-school French in the land where it is not understood, and so the gentleman arrives in France. After he has been in Paris a few weeks he asks the hall porter what about pants-buttons. The hall porter tells him that conditions are good, splendid—that they have not been ruined as they have in America where everybody wears a belt, for in France men still stick to galluses. There is only one hitch in the matter of opening up a French branch and bringing over our efficiency experts and putting in our wonderful button-making machines—and that is the French can manufacture pants-buttons at about one-fifth what it costs in America. The gentleman makes a note of this in his "My Trip Abroad" book. He then goes to Nice and puts up at one of the shore hotels; the day before



She: ISN'T IT WONDERFUL TO BE ENGAGED?
He: YES, AND TO EACH OTHER.

he is ready to run over to Italy he asks the *concierge* what he thinks about the pants-button industry in the South of France. The *concierge* is all enthusiasm . . . except that one-fifth business. And then the executive from Cincinnati goes to St. Moritz and looks into matters there. He now writes a report to the board of directors advising them of his opinion that time is not ripe for entry into the European market—and puts down the amount he and his family have spent, for the office expert to charge off against the income tax.

* * *

AND so it is with the women. Europe is now full of American business women. They are looking into the lip-stick industry, or into the possibility of importing machine-made buttonholes. They spend three weeks investigating conditions along the rue de la Paix, then motor down to Cannes while the tennis matches are on to see what is being worn in the way of novelty buttonholes, and then drop into Monte Carlo to see which is more popular—the black or the red.

That little clause in the income tax has simply knocked the socks off culture, but think what it has done for American business!

Nice, France.

Homer Croy.

Landscape

HERE hides a full-blown cherry orchard!
Summer snow-flakes that drift and flutter!
I know because I looked behind
This billboard advertising butter. J. R. B.

LINCOLN split rails. The average Congressman mends fences. There's a difference.



FLY FISHING



LIFE

Summer Fiction

Souder Speaks for the Platform Writers' League

WASHINGTON, July 28.—I can remember no election year when the platforms of the two great political parties have attained a higher or more even level of merit. In fact, it is almost impossible to choose between them, were any one inclined to do so.

My only criticism

is that the platform makers were perhaps rather needlessly daring. For example, in the Republican version of the promised land the statement that "dishonesty and corruption are not political attributes" seems to me too radical, too likely to arouse controversy. With equal boldness the Democrats have pledged themselves in black and white to respect the Constitution. I suppose the writers wanted to catch the progressive vote; yet there is never any need in a platform to commit a party so irrevocably.

As a platform framer

who has seen many years' service, however, I am the last to judge hastily. The task of saying in 40,000 words what might be said in 40, of choosing phrases so carefully that no meaning is left plain, is, to say the least, grueling. It is little wonder, therefore, that after an all-night session in a stuffy hotel bedroom, committees sometimes are caught off their guard, and allow a plank that really means something to creep into their platforms.

The famous lobster plank

of 1904 is a case in point. As a member of that committee I had fought through a broiling day and half the night against the use of the word "lobster" in our plank promising to end the abuses then existing in the lobster-fishing industry. I felt that in platform writing it is wiser never, if possible, to mention anything by name; and also that, with feeling running high in the Convention, certain of the delegates might take the reference personally and cause a split in the party.

Tax planks, tariff planks, foreign policy planks were quickly disposed of, but still the committee could reach no decision on the lobster plank. Outside, the Convention waited in suspense.

Some one prayed, and as if in answer Julius H. Merkle, the well-known committeeman from Ohio, switched his vote, and the plank was reported without actually designating lobsters by name. I have always believed that my firm stand on this matter—together with the fact that we had Theodore Roosevelt as our candidate—was responsible for the party's subsequent victory at the polls.

The worst part

of writing a platform is its utter futility. No one ever reads it, unless it is a few special groups, such as the committees from Porto Rico and the Brick Ice Cream Consumers' League, who invariably pronounce every political platform disappointing because it fails to mention their grievance.

The radio

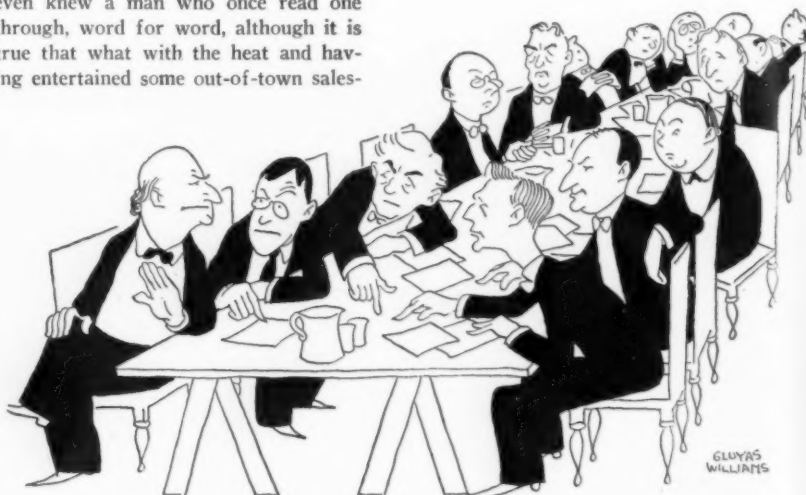
is, to my mind, responsible for this widespread failure of the great body of our citizenry to acquaint themselves with these important political messages. In the old days when man relied solely on the morning paper for his news, he would often read a paragraph or two of a platform, or, at least, enough of it to make sure that it was no different from any other platform of past years. I even knew a man who once read one through, word for word, although it is true that what with the heat and having entertained some out-of-town sales-

men he wasn't quite responsible and thought he was reading a review of the current Follies.

The radio is, of course, much less dependable than the newspaper. I am reliably informed that some three million earnest citizens listened faithfully for an hour to Miss Ella Britt's recitation of "A Garden of Smiles" under the impression that they were hearing the Democratic platform read.

By failing

to familiarize itself with these great political documents the American public is letting a chance for perfect government slip from its grasp. In the platform of either party, the voter may, until election day, enjoy an incorruptible administration, a tariff that spells prosperity, a firm and vigorous foreign policy, and a system of taxation fair alike to rich and poor, and bearing hard on neither. I solemnly warn him that if his lack of interest in political platforms continues, our great parties may abandon them altogether. Why should we spend infinite time, thought and labor in saying nothing, when we could achieve the same ends so much more simply? *Souder.*



MESSRS. BRYAN, BAKER, HITCHCOCK, CUMMINGS, PITTMAN, GARRETT, AND CARAWAY AND OTHER WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS COLLABORATING ON WHAT ITS PUBLISHERS CONFIDENTLY EXPECT TO BE THE SEASON'S BEST SELLER.

Schedule for Going Fishing

- 5 A. M.—Rise and lurch towards alarm clock.
 5:01-5:05—Snort under cold shower.
 5:06—Yell, in response to wife's query, "Yes, we're late now."
 5:07—Explain that it is necessary to be out on the fishing grounds when the tide turns.
 5:08—Explain further that fish run with the incoming tide.
 5:09—Agree with wife that in all probability there are as many fish in the sea at low tide as at high.
 5:11—Say, rather irritably, that all you know about it is that the fishing is good while the tide is running in.
 5:13—Reply, "Oh! any old hat will do."
 5:14—Inquire what difference it makes.
 5:15—Say, "Sure! the white leghorn will be all right"; wonder what the white leghorn looks like.
 5:16—Answer wife to the general effect that the tide rises inshore about the same time it does off the light-house—only a few minutes' difference.
 5:17—Reply, "Well, the fish won't come that close to land, so we have to go out where they are running."
 5:18—Assure wife, quite irritably, that you haven't the slightest notion how the fish know how close they are to shore.
 5:19—Add, as an afterthought, that probably they can hear the automobile horns, and things like that.
 5:20—Join wife at garage door.
 5:21-5:25—Pack material in car.
 5:26—Observe that you would like to lay a sizable bet that the rest of the bunch have been waiting for ages.
 5:27-5:59—Drive to yacht club.
 6:01-6:15—Wait for rest of party.
 6:16-6:35—Wait for fisherman to arrive with power boat.
 6:37-6:45—Help female members of party aboard; stow various packages, bottles and baskets.
 6:46—Settle back to doze as boat heads out to sea.

James K. McGuinness.



"WHY DON'T YOU PUT THAT SIGN AT THE END OF THE CAR UNTIL YOU GET OFF?"

"I DON'T GET OFF. I'M PAID TO RIDE UP AND DOWN ON THIS LINE AN' ADVERTISE SAM'S CLOTHES, SEE!"

Bedtime Story

ONCE upon a time there were two candidates for office who marched about the streets carrying their platforms on signboards five feet high, so the people could readily understand what they stood for.

Along came a high wind that bowled both candidates over, so that their signboards dropped to the ground. The candidates immediately scrambled to their feet, because it doesn't look well for a candidate to be bowled over by anything, least of all a lot of wind, and each went on his way carrying on high the big signboard of the other, which he had picked up by mistake.

But no one ever noticed the difference, not even the candidates themselves.

Moral: Any platform is a good platform.
 Bertram Bloch.

Shingled

MOTHER had come in from the farm to visit her daughter in the city. After the kiss of greeting, she noticed her daughter's bobbed hair. Her eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"Well, fer pity's sake, Lizzy," she exclaimed, "you never even writ me you had the typhoid."

THE golf liar has one advantage over the fishing liar. He doesn't have to show anything to prove it.



Wife: WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE PLASTERERS RECEIVE EIGHTEEN DOLLARS A DAY?
 Husband: WELL, THEY COVER UP SOME OF THE MISTAKES THE BRICKLAYERS MAKE.



"HOW ARE YOUR EXERCISES COMING?"

"WELL, I CAN BEND OVER AND TOUCH THE FLOOR WITH MY HANDS; BUT, DO YOU KNOW, I CAN'T GET BACK UP!"

Fish with Whom We Have Fished

THE lady who can't bait her hook.
The lady who can bait her hook
but who can't cast.

The gentleman who is always changing his place with the hope of changing his luck.

The gentleman who knows that the tide isn't right.

The gentleman who wonders whether it is right.

The indifferent guy who catches all the fish. I. H.

A HAPPY marriage is a marriage where both parties to it like to see the wife well dressed.

To a Woodland Pool— a Warning

WHEN on the placid face I look
Of this secluded pool
Wherein I cast my feathered hook,
The wily trout to fool,
I think how waters, though they be
Of inland birth, must finally
Their beings mingle with the sea,
For that is Nature's rule.

Yon meadow brook with banks of turf
Where cat-o'-nine-tails grow
Will one day frolic where the surf
Shakes out his mane of snow;
And this now quiet pond that lies,
A mirror for the dragon flies,
Will dance beneath tempestuous skies
Where shrill nor'easters blow.

And yet, sweet pool, I can but feel
That we shall meet some day,
When you, beneath a great ship's keel,
Are part of ocean's sway,
And if, amid the howling gale,
You see, above the steamer's rail,
My clammy brow and visage pale,
I warn you, . . . keep away.

George S. Chappell.

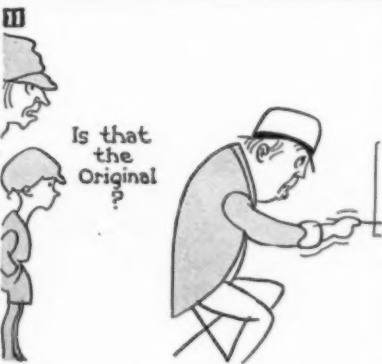
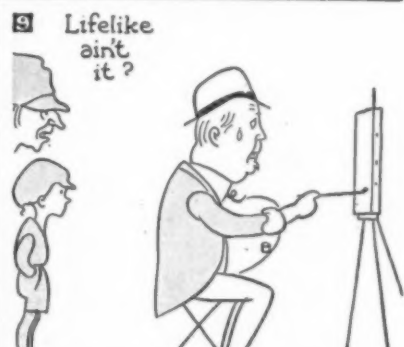
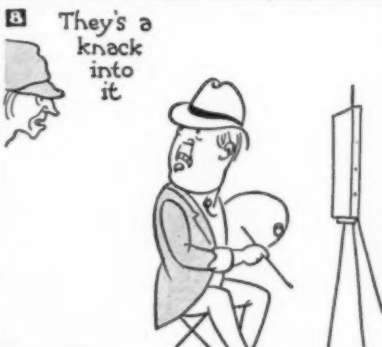
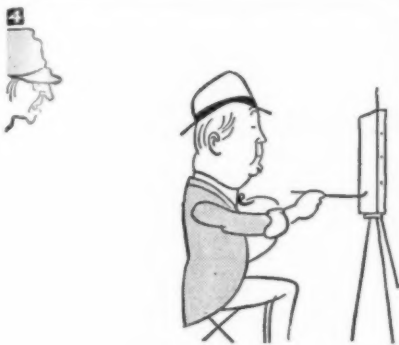
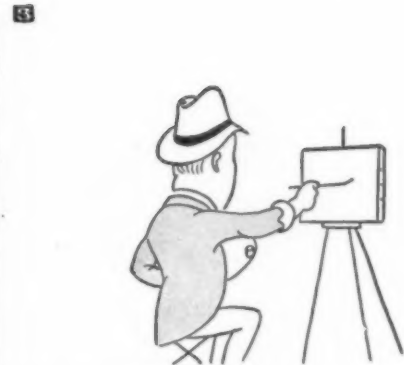
Injury and Insult

HELL has no fury like the woman who paid \$14.98 at a special extra bargain sale and returned home to find that Mrs. Glotz, her most detested neighbor, bought "the identical same thing" for \$14.75, regular price.



"DID HE GET AWAY?"

"N-N-NO! I-I-I DID!"



THE SKETCHING TRIP

• Elsie Hooper •

THE SILENT DRAMA

"Wanderer of the Wasteland"

THERE are still many people who believe that color photography will never be popular—that the black and white tradition has been firmly established and can not be dislodged.

I urge these reactionaries to see "Wanderer of the Wasteland," and to revise their attitude accordingly. It is produced by the same Technicolor process that was employed in "Toll of the Sea" and in the first part of "The Ten Commandments," and its effect is one of extraordinary beauty.

"Wanderer of the Wasteland" is a Zane Grey story, with most of its scenes laid in that great, dry, drab waste of hot sand which is known as Death Valley. The use of color photography for recording such a background was daring and inspired, for here the camera could avoid the flaming reds which have marred colored films in the past.

The emphasis is thus placed on the few important characters, and is not diverted to the scenery; which is as it should be. In a Seventeenth Century costume drama, like "The Glorious Adventure," the color would have been permitted to submerge the plot.

NOT that "Wanderer of the Wasteland" is anything exceptional as drama. It is more or less cut-and-dried in its formula, and occasionally it reaches positive stupidity, as when a lady in a one-room shack sleeps through an avalanche of rocks that is crashing down on the fragile roof above her head.

The treatment of the story, however, is consistently fine. Irvin Willat, the director, and Jack Holt, Noah Beery and Kathlyn Williams, as representative members of the cast, have done their work well. They have made "Wanderer of the Wasteland" an interesting and at times a thrilling picture, with no reference to the novelty provided by the use of tints.

THOSE who object to color photography in theory say that it destroys everything in the movies that is stimulating to the imagination, by increasing realism to such an extent that the screen becomes nothing more than a mirror.

Oddly enough, the exact opposite is proved. For there is infinitely more illusion in "Wanderer of the Wasteland" than there would be if it were recorded in the usual manner. It becomes an animated impressionistic painting instead of a series of moving photographs. It gets away from realism and achieves a quality of fantasy.

In my non-professional opinion there can be no doubt that colored movies will be universally accepted within the next few



years. The Technicolor process, which is the best at this time, is necessarily deficient. But invention in this field is progressing, and the old blacks and whites are bound to be discarded before long.

Movie stars will do well to start studying the art of make-up now.

"Between Worlds"

AFTER a lapse of almost a year, during which there were practically no importations from abroad, another German picture has come along. It is called "Between Worlds," and it is not to be compared with any of the great Teutonic productions of the past.

It shows, to a certain degree, the same mental processes that evolved "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," but it lacks entirely the same dramatic force. There is some fine acting in it; there are one or two tremendous moments, and many of the scenes are striking, but the general effect is one of absurd incoherence.

I doubt whether it will receive much attention in this country—which, for once, will be no more than it deserves.

"The Enemy Sex"

OWEN JOHNSON'S story, "The Salamander," has taken a long time to reach the screen, where it obviously belonged. Now that it has done so, under the new title, "The Enemy Sex," we can murmur, "That's that," and pass on to something else.

"The Enemy Sex" has Betty Compson for a star, a flashy supporting cast, several risqué situations and numerous wild parties. Although it is almost entirely untrue to life, it is irreproachably true to movie tradition—and that, as any continuity writer will tell you, is the paramount consideration. Of its type, "The Enemy Sex" is good enough, of its type.

The Heated Term

ARMED with a large number of sensitive thermometers, the Skeptics' Society is conducting a nation-wide investigation of movie theatres. They want to test the truthfulness of those lobby signs which announce that it is "Twenty Degrees Cooler Inside."

Robert E. Sherwood.



JACK HOLT IN "WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND"

A Scientist with a Heart

Professor Blotter Discovers a Human Interest Problem in South America

PROFESSOR BLOTTER of Columbia University, who left recently on an expedition to South America in search of a new vegetable to place in the windows of delicatessen stores, sent me back some interesting comments on the fauna of the country.

Blotter says that he was impressed with the sorrow of life among the animals, and that he had never met a simpler tragedy than the life of the anteater, who had to swallow insect powder to destroy the ants after he had eaten them.

Blotter says there is no simpler tragedy than that, except possibly the existence of the chicken-snake. That creature, he feels, leads the saddest life there is.

Take the chicken-snake (says Blotter's postal). He swallows, as is his custom, an egg; preferably one bigger around than the snake, in order that he may secure some sort of meal.

Now the snake has to break the egg; and Blotter says he knows of no more pitiful sight than a forlorn chicken-snake swallowing rock after rock in a vain effort to smash the hard shell.

If this rock method fails, the snake may adopt one of two courses.

He may climb up into a tree and drop to the ground with a dull thud, in

hopes of landing on his egg and, God willing, smashing it. Snakes have been known to climb up trees and drop out of them on their stomachs over and over again, only to crawl home at dusk, black and blue all over, bearing the sad news of an undigested meal to the little tired woman at the door.

Or else he may go about tying himself in knots and drawing himself tight, in hopes of smashing the egg that way. The danger here is always that he will be unable to untie himself again, and will die of indigestion.

My last postal from Blotter announced that he had a plan, according to which the snake would crawl through a hole which was smaller than the egg, and consequently either the egg would smash or the snake would be made deathly sick. There is the even chance, however; and Blotter is having a number of holes made now, of varying sizes, to be placed at convenient points through the South American jungles.

As I have always said, Blotter is a scientist with a heart.

Corey Ford.

MRS. HYSSOP: Six children! It must be delightful to have such an old-fashioned family.

MRS. JESSUP: Yes, if they only were!



VICTORY

No Wonder

"THEY exchanged a look full of longing," says a recent novel, and here's why:

He longed

- To be able to retreat into his own home.
- To have socks darned and buttons sewed on.
- To settle down and stop having to "go places."
- To hear children's voices near by.
- To help spend her father's reputed fortune.

She longed

- To be able to entertain in her own home.
- To stop darning socks and sewing on buttons.
- To have an opportunity to "go more places."
- To get away from her brothers' and sisters' yelling.
- To help spend his reputed income.

W. G. H.

The Renegade

COOK (to socially prominent mistress): I'm givin' y' notice, ma'am; I'm leavin' ye fer Mrs. Ginsberg. Nordic supremacy or no Nordic supremacy, I'm tired o' workin' fer dumb-bells!



Mr. Brown: SO YOUR SON WANTS TO BE A SALESMAN?

Mr. Smith: YES; HE KNOWS A FUNNY STORY.



Synopsis

Two magazine writers have long been at swords' points. The other day one said of the other to a group of friends:

"I'd like to write his epitaph."

"What would you say?" he was asked.

"John Blank—Born Sept. 16, 1862—Not that it makes any difference."

—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

More Modernism

From a Canadian church service paper:

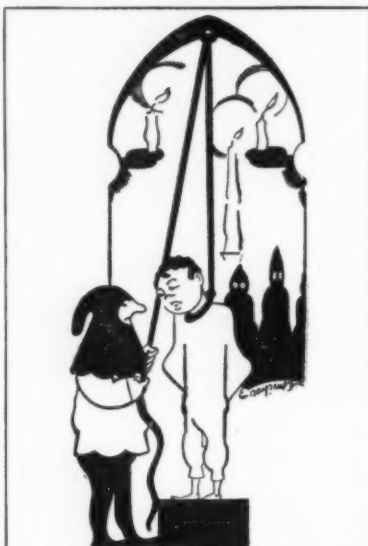
"Scripture and Offertoire: 'Romance is D Flat.'"

Sometimes, perhaps; but church is hardly the place to say it.—*Punch.*

Revived

It was a girl child, of course, that mistook the words of the "Gloria" for "World without man—ah, me!"

—*New York Morning Telegraph.*



"I DO VOW, SIRE, NEVER HAVE I

HANGED MORTAL MANNE BEFORE."

"AND KNOW, SIRRAH, I HAVE NEVER

YET BEEN HANGED."

"THEN MUST WE BOTH E'EN DO OUR

BESTE FULLE WYLLINGLY, IF WE

WOULD BE GLADDENED BY GOODE

RESULTES."

—*Le Rire (Paris).*

Miss Smith

Two friends met who had not seen each other since their school days.

"Whom did you marry, Louis?" asked one.

"A Miss Smith—of Philadelphia," replied Louis, who was a trifle sensitive.

"You always did take to the name 'Smith.' I can remember when we went to school together you used to tag round after a little snub-nosed Smith girl."

"I remember it, too. She's the girl I married."—*Country Gentleman.*

No Argument

"If you join our lodge, you will be buried with music."

"That makes no difference to me; I'm not a bit musical."

—*Meggendorfer Blätter (Munich).*

"You wish to be our candidate? What are your political views?"

"Just whatever you like!"

—*Le Canard Enchaîné (Paris).*

Our pastor says he is unalterably opposed to religion in politics and will never vote for any one but a Protestant.

—*Ohio State Journal.*

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"Every Day in Every Way, We
Are Growing Better and Better"

Life

endorses Coue's theory, with certain limitations. A bank account proved irresponsive, but we ourselves gave satisfactory results—LIFE is growing better and better—and with our readers the success is still more marked. After only a few issues they are brighter and better, more mentally alert and alive, quicker to laugh and find joy in existence. Try it and see for yourself.

There are some unusually good numbers coming: Midsummer (next week), Old Home Week (August 14th), and Feminine Number (August 28th).

The best way to obtain them all, and seven others besides, is to OBEY THAT IMPULSE and subscribe NOW.

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(Continued from page 8)

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1-2-3-4

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Waltz right up to the barber's chair and say, "Boncilla Facial." It will kick the gloom out of your skin and turn loose nature's facial sunshine. It will erase years of piled-up fatigue and restore your own vigorous countenance.

Be sure you get the full program. 1-2-3-4. Boncilla Pack. Boncilla Cold Cream. Boncilla Vanishing Cream. Boncilla Powder.

Then make "her" eyes dance. Take her a complete Boncilla Set. Ask at toilet goods counters for the Ideal Set, the dandy gift. Or there's the Pack-O-Beauty at 50c that will get you a joyous, "Thank you!"

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A Backstage Visitor

At the first night of the new musical comedy the audience, for some reason or other, seemed unresponsive. The leading lady was not in a particularly happy frame of mind as she sat in her dressing-room after the final curtain removing her make-up. In the next room were several members of the chorus.

There came a knock at the star's door. "Who is it and what do you want?" she demanded, sharply.

"It's the manager," came the answer. "There's a lady in the front who'd like to see you."

"I'm not receiving visitors to-night," said the actress, rather acidly. "Who is the lady?"

"She tells me that she thinks you'll be glad to see her. She says she was a chum of yours when you were at school. Shall I show her in?"

Over the dividing wall came the voice of a chorus girl:

"Wheel her in!"—*Tit-Bits (London).*

Cellarette, sideboard or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Aids digestion. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"Wait! You May Lose"

A Houston road-sign painter suggests the following signs for railroad crossings:

"Come ahead. You're unimportant."

"Try our engines. They satisfy."

"Don't stop. Nobody will miss you."

"Take a chance. You can get hit by a train only once."—*Houston Post.*

Not All There

CLUB STEWARD (to member who has asked if any of his friends are in the club): Yes, sir, his Lordship, seated in the coffee room, sir, with three large whiskeys and sodas, sir, a-talkin' to 'isself, sir, and I don't think he knows that he's alone.

—*Passing Show (London), from a book.*

Our Movie Art-Experts

AUTHOR (interrupting hero of film-drama): I don't like that furniture; it's too heavy.

PRODUCER: I get you. What you want is a bit o' Louis Chippendale.—*Punch.*

Answered

"When is a wall-eyed pike not a wall-eyed pike?" headlines a Lansing paper. When it's a bunch of weeds, according to our trolling experience.

—*Detroit News.*

"Oh, what a pretty child! Is it a little boy?"

"You can see it ain't a big one, can't you?"—*Sans-Gêne (Paris).*

"SILENCE is golden."

"I once bought a lot of it in a parrot."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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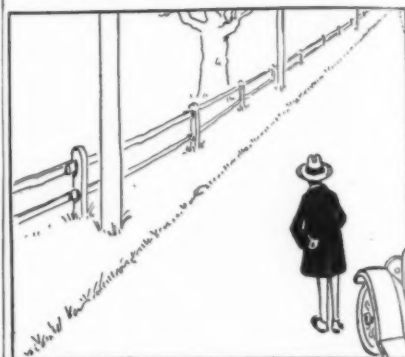
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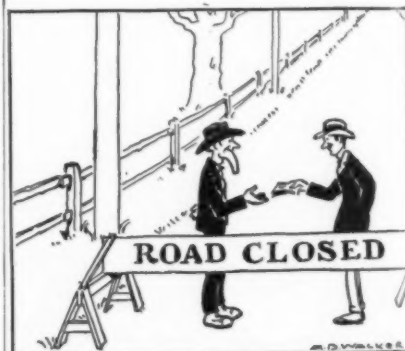
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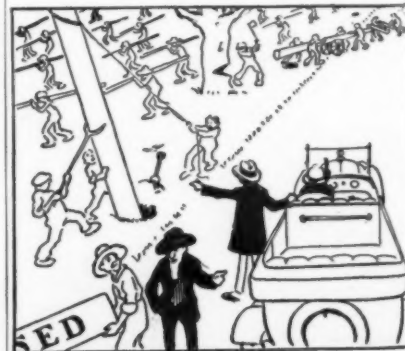
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